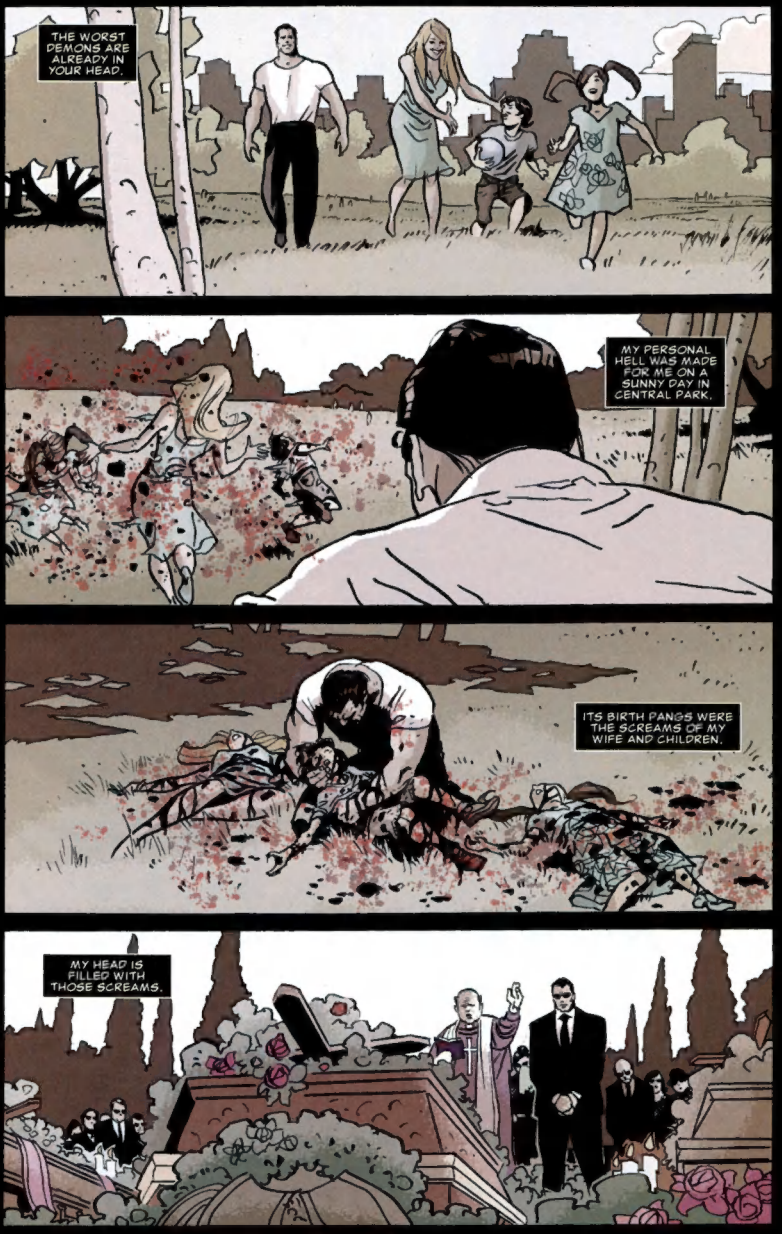
WAR JOURNAL--
DAY 1,832:
KR-AA-ACK!
SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO THE SCRIPT.
PUMPED A BULLET INTO PATIENT ZERO'S BRAIN BEFORE HE'D OFFERED ME HIS DEAL, THEN GONE HUNTING FOR THIS PSYCHOTIC SLAB OF WHALE CRAP.
INSTEAD, I'M ASS-DEEP IN TROUBLE--
SWIIISH
--AND I'VE GOT NO ONE BUT MYSELF TO BLAME.

THIS IS WHAT I DESERVE FOR TAKING MY EYES OFF THE PRIZE.
GORAN PARLOV

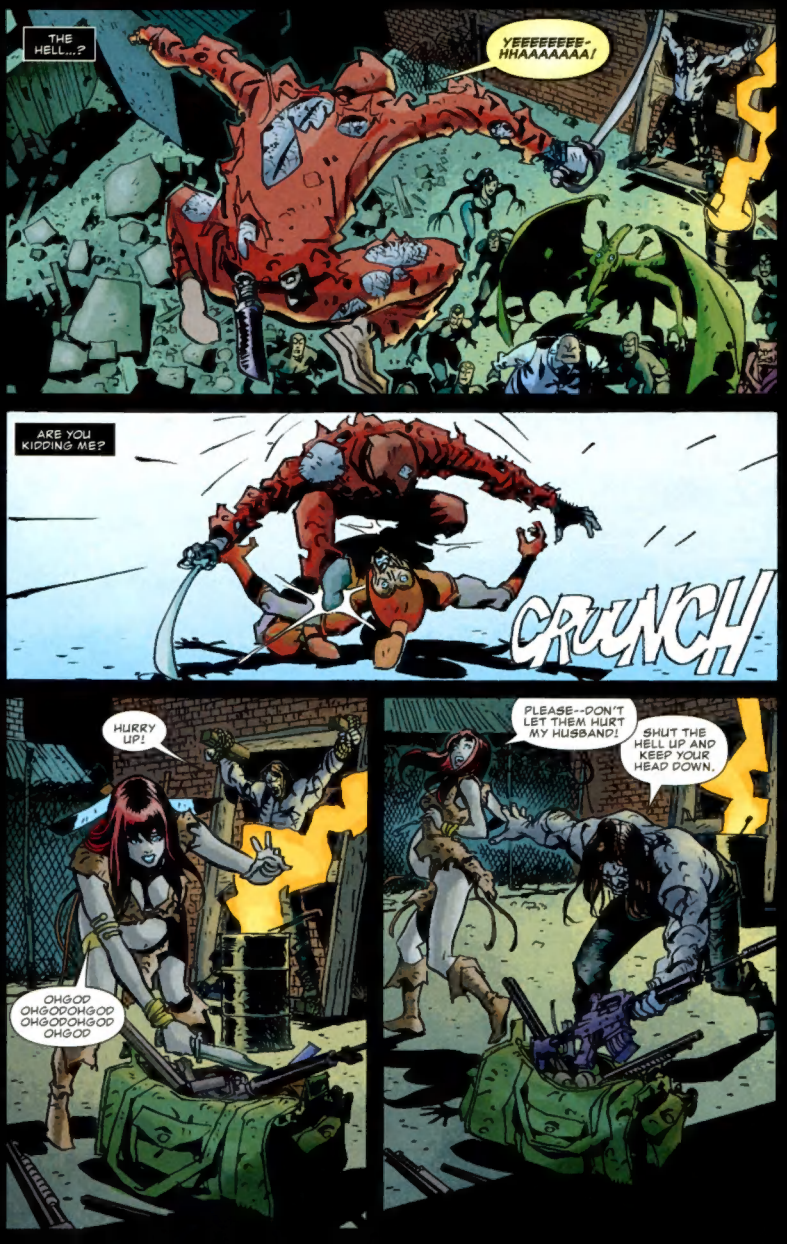

THE WORST DEMONS ARE ALREADY IN YOUR HEAD.
MY PERSONAL HELL WAS MADE FOR ME ON A SUNNY DAY IN CENTRAL PARK.
ITS BIRTH PANGS WERE THE SCREAMS OF MY WIFE AND CHILDREN.
MY HEAD IS FILLED WITH THOSE SCREAMS.

HOW DO WE GET IN?
UM...I THINK IT'S THIS WAY.
HAIL MARY, FULL OF GRACE, PRAY FOR US SINNERS NOW AND AT THE HOUR OF OUR--
DEATH?
AMEN.
AMEN.
AMEN.
AMEN.

LITTLE MAN HAS GUTS. I'LL EAT THEM LATER.
BUT NOW I WANT ANSWERS.
IF HE WON'T TELL ME TO SAVE HIS OWN LIFE...
...I WONDER WHAT HE WOULD SAY TO SAVE ONE OF HIS OWN KIND?
OR TWO OF HIS OWN KIND. BITCH AND PUP.
UNNH!
CRUNCH
DON'T TELL HIM ANYTHING. I'LL KILL MYSELF IF YOU DO.
ME AND MY BABY!

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE PICKED DEADPOOL AS A NAME.
IT'S LIKE A CHALLENGE TO THE UNIVERSE.
SHUT UP, RATMEAT.
RATMEAT. NOW THAT I COULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING WITH. RATMEAT: RODENT WITH A RANT. VERMIN WITH A--
UM. NOPE. THERE'S NO PLAY THERE. DOESN'T SCAN.
SHUT UP OR I'LL--
GOSH. LET ME GUESS. KILL ME? BEEN THERE, DONE THAT.
EAT YOU.
OKAY. THAT'S GETTING PERSONAL, AND I MOSTLY DON'T SWING THAT WAY.
KEEP TALKING AND I WILL EAT YOUR EYES!
Y'KNOW, IT MAKES ME SAD THAT A CLASSIC VILLAIN LIKE YOU HAS NO TALENT FOR JAUNTY BANTER.
ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M TRYING TO BE A HERO.
WAIT, THERE'S A 'HERO SANDWICH' JOKE IN THERE SOMEWHERE.
NO. LOST IT.
NERTS.
SPLNCH

OKAY. YOU'RE ONLY HALFWAY SANE, BUT THINK THIS THROUGH.
BOSS'S HONEY-BUNNY IS ABOUT TO GET CHOMPED. SKULL-GUY IS UNARMED AND HELPLESS. AAAAAAAND HERE'S A BIG OL' BAG OF WEAPONS.
WHAT TO DO? WHAT TO...?
I KNOW I REMEMBER THAT I USED TO KNOW HOW TO THINK. BUT I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT I KNEW ABOUT KNOWING HOW TO DO IT.
I THINK.
KICKING THE CRAP OUT OF PEOPLE.
THAT I REMEMBER HOW TO DO.
WHUMP
KLANK
CRUNNCH


THE HELL...?
YEEEEEEEE-HHAAAAAAA!
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
CRUNCH
HURRY UP!
OHGOD OHGODOHGOD OHGODOHGOD OHGOD
PLEASE--DON'T LET THEM HURT MY HUSBAND!
SHUT THE HELL UP AND KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN.